Clara Whitmore's Strange Request
By Yu May

Chapter 1: The Letter

The rain tapped gently against the cracked windowpane, a steady rhythm that matched the unease in Clara's chest. She sat at the edge of her bed, her fingers trembling as they traced the edges of the envelope in her hands. The paper was thick, expensive, and bore her name in elegant cursive. It had arrived that morning, delivered by a courier who had refused to say more than, "This is for Miss Clara Whitmore."

She had known, even before opening it, that the letter was from him. The faint scent of sandalwood and ink lingered on the paper, a reminder of the study where she had last seen her uncle, Charles Whitmore. It had been two years since she had stood in that room, her hands clasped tightly behind her back, her chin lifted in defiance. Two years since he had told her, in that calm, measured tone of his, that she would one day understand the weight of her choices.

After a sound caning, she had been tempted to rub her bottom, and plead for forgiveness, but instead, she had walked out of the manor, determined to make her own way in the world. She'd managed to find work in London as a dictationist, and made enough to afford rent for a small (though snug) room on Baker Street.

Clara took a deep breath and slid her finger under the seal, breaking it with a soft crack. The letter unfolded neatly, revealing her uncle's precise handwriting. She read the words slowly, each sentence tightening the knot in her stomach.

"My dear Clara,

It is time for you to return home. The past cannot remain unaddressed, and there are matters that require your attention. I trust you will not delay."

There was no plea, no apology—just the same commanding tone she remembered. Clara's jaw tightened as she folded the letter and set it aside. She had built a life for herself here, far from the imposing halls of Whitmore Manor. She had friends, a job, a sense of independence. And yet, the thought of ignoring his summons felt impossible. Charles Whitmore was not a man who made requests; he made demands, and he expected them to be met.

The rain grew heavier, the sound now a steady drumming against the glass. Clara stood and walked to the window, staring out at the darkened streets below. Memories flooded back—her childhood in the manor, the strict rules, the quiet disapproval that had always followed her like a shadow. She had been a spirited child, too curious for her own good, too willing to challenge the boundaries he set. And he had been unyielding, a pillar of discipline and order.

She turned away from the window, her resolve hardening. She would go back, not because he commanded it, but because she needed to face him. There were words left unspoken, wounds that had never healed. And perhaps, just perhaps, she could finally make him see her as more than the reckless girl he had tried to mold into something she was not.

Clara packed a small suitcase, her movements deliberate. She would take the early train in the morning, and by afternoon, she would be standing in the study once more, facing the man who had shaped so much of her life. She didn't know what awaited her there, but she was certain of one thing: this time, she would not back down.

Chapter 2: The Study

The train ride to Whitmore Manor was a blur of gray skies and rolling countryside. Clara spent most of it staring out the window, her thoughts a tangled web of apprehension and determination. By the time the carriage arrived to take her from the station to the manor, the rain had stopped, leaving the air heavy with the scent of damp earth.

The gates of Whitmore Manor loomed before her, their iron bars as imposing as she remembered. The house itself was unchanged—a sprawling estate of stone and ivy, its windows glinting like watchful eyes. Clara stepped out of the carriage, her suitcase in hand, and took a deep breath before walking up the steps to the front door.

The butler, an elderly man named Graves, greeted her with a polite nod. "Miss Clara," he said, his voice as formal as ever. "Mr. Whitmore is expecting you in the study."

Clara nodded, her throat tight. She followed Graves through the familiar halls, her footsteps echoing on the polished wood floors. The study door was slightly ajar, and Graves gestured for her to enter before retreating silently.

Charles Whitmore stood by the fireplace, his back to her, his hands clasped behind him. He was as tall and imposing as she remembered, his dark hair streaked with silver at the temples. For a moment, Clara hesitated, her courage wavering. Then he turned, his sharp blue eyes meeting hers, and she straightened her shoulders.

"Uncle Charles," she said, her voice steady despite the storm of emotions inside her.

"Clara," he replied, his tone calm but firm. "Thank you for coming."

She stepped further into the room, her gaze sweeping over the familiar shelves of books, the heavy oak desk, the portrait of her parents that hung above the mantel. It was a room filled with memories, some warm, others painful.

"You said in your letter that the past cannot remain unaddressed," she began, crossing her arms. "What exactly did you mean by that?"

Charles studied her for a moment before gesturing to the chair in front of his desk. "Sit down, Clara. We have much to discuss."

She hesitated but eventually took the seat, her eyes never leaving his. He sat across from her, his expression unreadable.

"You left this house two years ago," he said, his voice measured. "You were young, headstrong, and determined to make your own way in the world. I did not stop you, because I believed you needed to learn from your own mistakes. But now, it seems, those mistakes have caught up with you."

Clara's cheeks flushed. "What are you talking about?"

"I've heard about your life in the city," he continued, his gaze piercing. "The late nights, the questionable company, the debts you've accrued. You've been running from responsibility, Clara, just as you always have."

Her hands clenched into fists. "You don't know anything about my life."

"I know enough," he said sharply. "And I know that if you continue down this path, you will destroy yourself. That is why I called you back. Not to chastise you, but to help you."

Clara laughed bitterly. "Help me? You? The man who never once showed me an ounce of understanding or compassion? You were always so quick to criticize, so quick to tell me I wasn't good enough. Do you have any idea what that did to me?"

Charles leaned forward, his expression softening slightly. "Clara, I never meant to make you feel that way. But you must understand—your parents entrusted me with your care after their death. I took that responsibility seriously. Perhaps too seriously. I wanted to protect you, to guide you, but I see now that I failed to give you what you truly needed."

She looked away, her eyes stinging with unshed tears. "You didn't fail me, Uncle Charles. You just... you never saw me. Not really. I was always the wild one, the difficult one. And no matter what I did, it was never enough."

There was a long silence, broken only by the crackling of the fire. Finally, Charles spoke again, his voice quieter now. "I regret that, Clara. Truly, I do. But I cannot change the past. What I can do is offer you a chance to start anew. Here, at Whitmore Manor. If you're willing to accept it."

Clara wiped at her eyes, her emotions a whirlwind of anger, sadness, and something else—something that felt almost like hope. "Why now?" she asked. "Why after all this time?"

"Because I see now that I was wrong," he admitted. "And because, despite everything, you are still my family. I want to help you, Clara. But you must be willing to let me."

She looked at him, really looked at him, and for the first time, she saw not the stern, unyielding figure of her childhood, but a man who carried his own burdens, his own regrets. It was a revelation that left her breathless.

"Alright," she said finally, her voice barely above a whisper. "I'll stay. But on two conditions."

"Name them."

"First, that you promise to see me for who I am, not who you think I should be. That you recognize I am no longer a child."

Charles nodded, a faint smile touching his lips. "I believe that is a condition I can agree to. What is your second demand?"

Clara took a fluttering breath. “That…that you give me one final caning. To punish me properly, for acting like such a child, two years ago.”

Chapter 3: Accountability

For the first time in her life, Clara saw a crack begin to form in Charles’ Whitmore’s stoic resolve. “Cane you? But Clara, you made it very clear you would never accept a caning ever again when you left, to make your own way in the world.”

“I know that, Uncle Charles. I don’t regret leaving. But…I do regret what I said to you that day. Telling you that you were not my father. Accusing you of stealing my inheritance. Storming out without another word. But as I look back on that day, I know now that you were only trying to fill his role. The more I think about that day, the more I know…Papa would have caned me, just the same as you did. I was so eager to prove to you I was a fully-grown woman, I acted like a spoiled little girl.”

The silence in the study was heavy, the weight of Clara’s words hanging in the air. Charles studied her, his expression a mixture of surprise and contemplation. Clara sat across from him, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her heart pounding. She had made her request, and now she waited for his response.

"Clara," he said at last, his voice measured, "this is... unexpected. Are you certain this is what you want?"

She nodded, her gaze steady. "I am. I’ve spent years running from my mistakes, avoiding consequences, and pretending I didn’t care. But I do care, Uncle Charles. I care about the

person I’ve become, and I want to be better. I want to take responsibility for my actions, and I want to prove to you—and to myself—that I’m ready to change."

Charles leaned back in his chair, his fingers steepled in front of him. "You understand that this is not a decision to be made lightly. It is not about punishment for its own sake, but about accountability. If I cane you at all, I intend to do it properly. Are you prepared for what that means?"

"I am," Clara said firmly. "I know I’ve made mistakes, and I know I need to face them. If this is what it takes to show you—and myself—that I’m serious, then I’m willing to do it."

Charles regarded her for a long moment, his expression unreadable. Then, slowly, he nodded. "Very well. If this is truly what you want, then I will honor your request. But know this, Clara: what happens next is not about shame or humiliation. It is about growth, and about the strength it takes to face one’s own shortcomings."

"I understand," Clara said softly.

"Then go to your old room in the nursery," Charles instructed. "The cane is still there, in the top drawer of the wardrobe. Bring it to me, and we will proceed."

Clara rose from her chair, her legs feeling unsteady beneath her. She left the study and made her way through the familiar halls of the manor, her mind a whirlwind of emotions. The nursery was on the second floor, a room she hadn’t entered in years. As she climbed the stairs, memories flooded back—memories of her childhood, of the times she had been disciplined, of the lessons she had learned, even if she hadn’t fully understood them at the time.

She pushed open the door to the nursery and stepped inside. The room was exactly as she remembered it, with its soft blue walls and the large window that let in the afternoon light. The wardrobe stood against one wall, its dark wood polished to a shine. Clara crossed the room and opened the top drawer, her breath catching as she saw the cane lying inside. It was slender and smooth, a tool of discipline that had once filled her with dread.

She picked it up, her fingers trembling slightly as they closed around the handle. It was lighter than she remembered, but the weight of its significance was heavy. She thought of the girl she had been—headstrong, defiant, always pushing against the boundaries set for her. And she thought of the woman she wanted to become—someone who could face her mistakes with courage and humility.

Clara took a deep breath, steeling herself. This was her choice, her decision to take responsibility for her actions. She would not back down.

With the cane in hand, she left the nursery and made her way back to the study. Each step felt like a journey, a passage from the past to the present, from avoidance to accountability. When

she reached the study door, she paused, her heart pounding in her chest. Then she pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Charles was waiting for her, his expression calm but serious. He rose from his chair and took the cane from her, his touch gentle but firm. "Are you certain, Clara?" he asked once more.

She met his gaze, her resolve unwavering. "I am."

He nodded, his eyes filled with a quiet pride. "Then let us begin."

Chapter 4: The Lesson

The study was quiet, save for the soft crackling of the fire in the hearth. Clara stood before her uncle, her hands clasped tightly in front of her, her skirts pinned up in a rumple behind her, her heart pounding. Charles held the cane in his hand, his expression calm but serious. He studied her for a moment, his gaze filled with a mixture of sternness and compassion.

"Clara," he began, his voice steady, "this is not about inflicting pain for its own sake. It is about teaching you the value of accountability and the strength that comes from facing one’s mistakes. Do you understand?"

She nodded, her throat tight. "I do, Uncle Charles. I’m ready."

He gestured to the armchair by the fireplace. "Very well. Stand here, please."

Clara moved to the indicated spot, her legs feeling unsteady beneath her. She gripped the back of the chair, her knuckles whitening as she braced herself. Charles stepped behind her, his presence both reassuring and daunting.

"This will not be easy," he said gently. "But I want you to remember that you are not alone. I am here with you, and I am proud of you for taking this step."

"Thank you," Clara whispered, her voice trembling.

The first stroke came swiftly, a sharp crack that echoed through the room. Clara gasped, her fingers tightening on the chair. The pain was immediate, but she clenched her teeth, determined to endure it.

"One," Charles counted, his voice calm. "This is for the debts you’ve accrued, Clara. Money is not just a resource; it is a responsibility. You must learn to manage it wisely."

"I understand," she said, her voice strained but resolute.

The second stroke landed, and Clara stifled a cry. Tears welled in her eyes, but she blinked them away, focusing on her uncle’s words.

"Two," Charles said. "This is for the company you’ve kept. Surround yourself with those who uplift you, not those who drag you down."

"You’re right," Clara admitted, her voice shaking. "I’ve been careless."

The third stroke was harder, and Clara’s breath hitched. She gripped the chair tighter, her resolve wavering but not breaking.

"Three," Charles continued. "This is for the opportunities you’ve squandered. Life is full of chances, Clara, but they must be seized with purpose."

"I know," she said, her voice barely above a whisper. "I’ve wasted too much time."

The fourth stroke landed, and Clara let out a small sob. Her legs trembled, but she forced herself to stay upright.

"Four," Charles said, his tone softening. "This is for the pain you’ve caused yourself. You are worthy of love and respect, Clara, but you must first give it to yourself."

Tears streamed down her face now, but she nodded. "I’m trying, Uncle Charles. I really am."

The fifth and final stroke was the hardest, and Clara cried out, her body sagging against the chair. Charles immediately stepped forward, placing a steadying hand on her shoulder.

"It’s over, Clara," he said gently. "You’ve done well."

She turned to face him, her eyes filled with tears but also with a newfound strength. "Thank you," she said, her voice trembling but sincere. "I needed this. I needed to face what I’ve done."

Charles pulled her into a gentle embrace, his arms warm and reassuring. "I am proud of you, Clara. Not just for enduring this, but for having the courage to ask for it. You are stronger than you know."

She clung to him, her tears soaking into his coat. "I’m sorry, Uncle Charles. For everything."

He held her tightly, his voice soft but firm. "The past is behind us, Clara. What matters now is the future. And I believe in you."

They stood there for a long moment, the fire crackling softly in the background. Clara felt a weight lift from her shoulders, a burden she had carried for far too long. She had faced her mistakes, and in doing so, she had found a path forward.

As they pulled apart, Charles cupped her face in his hands, his eyes filled with paternal love. "You are not alone, Clara. I am here for you, always."

She smiled through her tears, a sense of peace settling over her. "Thank you, Uncle Charles. For everything."

The End

[Note: This was an experiment with trying to get AI to write a spanking story, before I quit using AI as part of my process. I made edits and additions where I thought they were helpful.]